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FARMER'S
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LETTER

TO THE

PROTESTANTS of IRELAND.

NUMBER I.



DUBLIN:

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The FARMER'S LETTER to the PROTESTANTS of IRELAND.



Countrymen and Fellow Protestants,

I Shall make neither Preface nor Apology for this Address; could I vent my Thoughts to you in any other Way, I would not chuse this; but the Backwardness of better Pens, and the Necessity of the Times, urges the very Stones to Utterance: This is not the Season for fine Flourishes and Rhetorick, but for plain Truth, and Manhood; and I hope my Want of Capacity as a Writer, will be atoned by the Warmth and Honesty of my Heart.

It is not many Weeks since I my self was looked upon as a Kind of Malecontent among my few Acquaintance, and used to harangue, very learnedly, as I thought, upon Corruptions in *England* and Grievances in *Ireland*; for I had borrowed some useles Books from the neighbourin; Squires, and did believe that a Man who held himself to be free-born, ought to give a plain Account of his Faith in *Politicks*, as well as *Religion*, to all who asked him.

I make no Doubt but there are many others of the same Turn of Thought and Spirit, who yet love his Majesty's Person, and would stand by his Government, as firmly, as those who flatter his Power, or share his Favours.

It is not any Disaffection to his *Majesty*, but our Affection to the *Constitution*, that gives us this wrangling Disposition; and I think we shall be the likeliest of all Men, to spill the last of our Blood in the Defence of *both*; for sure the Miser who grumbles to part with a *Penny*, will struggle hard before he parts with his *Plumb*.

Perhaps there never was a Constitution upon Earth that would not admit of Improvement, nor a Ministry that did not leave room for Reproof; and I am often captious with my best Friends, at the same Time that I wish their
Health,

Health, and act for their Interest. Such little Jealousies and Exceptions are often Instances of the strongest Attachment, at the worst they only ruffle the Surface of Loyalty, and, like Family Disputes, always cease on the Approach of a common *Enemy*.

This common *Enemy* is now at Hand. He is our *Enemy* by *Nature* as well as *Education*; and my Intent is to prove, that were it possible for him to prevail, the Consequence to us would be the same, as if this whole Frame of Heaven and Earth was to be broken, and thrown into its first Darkness and Confusion; for such is the Antipathy between a *Popish* Prince and *Protestant* Subjects, and such would be the Ruin of all our Interests, and the utter Subversion of our State.

In the late Readiness and Chearfulness with which you assembled throughout the several Counties and Baronies of this Kingdom, you expressed a brave and a loyal Resolution, a Resolution of defending his Majesty's Person, with your Lives and Fortunes, against the impudent Attempt of a *Popish* Pretender to his Throne, and against the united Power of all his Enemies.

Indeed we can do no less, for his Government has been mild, and his Subjects have prospered under it.

But, my Countrymen, this is not the Cause for which his Majesty has called us, he is known to be a brave Man, and his late glorious *Declarations* in Parliament, as well as his frequent Contempt of Dangers, assure us, that his Fears are not for himself, but for his Subjects.

France and *Spain*, two of the most powerful States in *Europe*, threaten us with *Papery* and *Slavery*: and his Majesty, who is the Father of his People, has summoned us together, as one Family united in Interest and Affection, to preserve ourselves from the most utter Ruin that ever came upon any Nation.

The Oaths of Allegiance, which we have taken on this Summons, are quite different in their Nature from those taken by most other People upon Earth.

Where the Will of Rulers either makes or dispences with the Law, the Obligation of such an Oath commeth but from the Taking, and is binding no further than the Letter; because it is an *Obligation* of Constraint, and not of Reason: But the Oaths we have so newly and voluntarily

luntarily taken, are a Recognition of former Ties, their Obligation is of eternal *Force*, it has lain upon our Forefathers, and I trust will lie upon our Children from Generation to Generation, while *Great-Britain* or *Ireland* have a Name,

Whatever regards this World, or that which is to come; all that is sacred in Heaven, or valuable on Earth, is included in this Obligation; our Duty to GOD, to our King, to our Country, to Truth, to Reason, to Interest, to Ourselves, to our Honours, to the Memory of our valiant Ancestors, and the Consideration of that everlasting Infamy which must brand us, should we degenerate from their Actions.

But is that possible? can we prove recreant to so noble, so fresh an Example?—I think not—some of the Eyes that saw those Times are still open among us, and many of us are the Kindred and immediate Descendants of those glorious Men, to whom we owe that we are now living, that we are Protestants, that we are Free, and to whom, perhaps, the World is indebted that there is such a Thing as Liberty now left upon the Earth.

The Task of our Fathers was as difficult as it was important, it was to recover from those in Possession the Blessings already lost: ours is merely to preserve the great Inheritance they have left us.

King *James*, the second of that Name, on his Accession to the Throne of these Kingdoms, had laid himself under all Obligations divine and human, to preserve the Constitution pure and intire in Church and State——did he do so?——no surely. The *Turk* would have thought it his Duty to adhere to such solemn Engagements, but the royal *Sons* of *Rome* are all *Sampsons*, they are too mighty for the Bond of Oaths, and rend the Cords of Obligations as rotten Flax; they promise through *Policy*, but betray by *Principle*; and devoutly hold it a Sin to be true to any, except their own Interest and Sect. Wherefore, that unhappy and misguided Prince, under the Leading, of Bigots, and Perversion of Priests, sap'd the very Pillars of *English* Liberty, blotted out the Tables of the Law, and overturned the Building of that glorious Constitution, on which had been expended the Wisdom, the Blood, and the Toil of many Ages. The Church of *Rome* absolved him from all

Faith

Faith to his Subjects, his Breach of *Faith* absolved his Subjects from all *Allegiance* to himself, they rose, they fought, they overcame, and at once cast the Yoke from their Necks, and the Tyrant from his Throne.

Here was a King in peaceable and approved Possession, whose hereditary Right was incontestable, whose Person was not provided against by any Act, and to whom the three Kingdoms had already sworn Fealty: But he quickly dissolved that Band, he usurped upon the Rights of his Subjects, he *rejected* the Constitution which he was entrusted to *maintain*, and was therefore rejected by an *English Constitution*.

How presumptuous then are the Hopes of *this Invader*! whose Birth is disputed, whose Succession is barred by public Voice, who comes the avowed Enemy of our Rights and our Religion, against Possession, against Fealty, against Interest, to seize the Crown.

Is the Nature of Things reversed? are *Protestants* become enamoured of *Popery*? and do the *Free-born* of these Kingdoms call out for *Chains*? shall the *Children* invite that very Evil, which the *Fathers* laid down their Lives to *reject*?—No, my Countrymen—as we received so great a Trust from our wise and brave Ancestors, we will deliver it down safe and inviolate to our Posterity, we will, to the Death, preserve that Liberty which alone can make Life valuable, and the Purity of that Religion, which will best qualify us for Immortality.

While ever there is a Church in *Rome*, that claims a Power to dispense with *Lay* Obligations, and arrogates supreme Authority over Sovereign Princes and Civil Rights, it is utterly incompatible with our Constitution, and absurd to common Sense, to trust one of her Votaries on the Throne. She will ever look on our *Reformation* in Religion as *Heresy*, and on the *Supremacy* of our King as the *Usurpation* of her Right; she will therefore leave no Machinations, nor Means unattempted, to reclaim us to our former Sphere of Superstition and Slavery; and what Method so proper, nay what Method possible? save the Imposition of some royal *Tool* on the State, who may secretly work for the Restoration of the *Papal Hierarchy*. For this supreme Purpose, the Sense of Revelation is perverted, and the Authority of Heaven profaned. When a *John* is in the Seat, the Subjects
are

are *absolved* from their *Allegiance*, and Rebellion becomes an Act of Piety: But when a Favourite *James* holds the Rein, the People hear of nothing but *passive Obedience* to a King, who is himself patient to the Riding of the Priesthood.

During the last fifty Years, and upward, this Kingdom has possessed the Advantages of Liberty, Property, and a profound Peace. Such long Tranquility naturally produceth Indolence, a Forgetfulness of former Ills, and an Insensibility of present Enjoyments. Human Life is like the Picture in my Neighbour's Parlour, where the Lights are in a great Measure relative, and recommended by the Shading. It is just so, that the Memory or Sense of Affliction, giveth us the higher Relish of any succeeding Pleasure; let us then look back, and by the Prospect of what our Fathers have suffered, be taught to feel, and defend the Blessings we possess.

For this Purpose we need not go beyond the *mild* and *favourite* Line of the *Stuarts*; nor there, beyond the Memory of the present Age, and the supposed Grandfather of this young *Adventurer*.

I first beg Leave to premise, that the very Essence and vital Strength of Civil Liberty, in every Constitution, is the *Right of being governed by Laws to which the People give their own Consent*; and this Right is derived from the natural Constitution of Man, in which no Obedience is required, even to Divine Commands, before the Examination and Assent of Reason; and under such rational Government, the *Principle of Freedom* is left uncontrouled, even by God himself; and who is that Prince, that has a Right to Jurisdiction, beyond what INFINITE POWER and WISDOM has prescribed to his own Authority?

Agreeable to this *just*, and *Godlike Institution*, England had her *Magna Charta* and her Parliamentary Laws; all foreign Usurpations were exploded from Religion and Liberty, nor could the Life or Property of the meanest *Briton* be affected, but by the Tryal and Verdict of his Peers.

To maintain these Privileges, and to defend these Rights, was *James* the Second placed upon the Throne. He first calls a Parliament, he attempts to threaten them into his Measures, he then dissolves them, and rules alone. He taxes the People by his sole Authority, they murmur, he overawes them by Force, and raises a Standing Army in the Midst of Peace. He compels all Cities and Corporati-

ons to deliver up their Charters and Franchises, he turns out the Protestants from every Place of Power, and fills the Benches with Papists, and all Places of Trust with his own Creatures, to whom he shares his Power that they may support his Tyranny. Hereupon he sends abroad his arbitrary Inquisitions and Commissioners, a thousand Tyrants are made out of one; they dispose of Life and Property at Pleasure; in one Place the Bodies of the Free-born are drawn to Execution without Tryal, in another pack'd Juries are impanelled, or the Verdicts rejected, and overruled by the Court.——Where then was Trade, Where was Art, where was Industry? Where then was the Law, the Religion, and the Liberty? Where the Arms and the Honour of a *British* Constitution? All was crushed, all was abolished, the three Kingdoms trembled, but did not dare to groan under their Calamities.

But, O, my Countrymen! while the Lightning blasted other Places, the Bolt itself fell upon Us. I cannot recollect such Scenes without Horror and Indignation. May we all perish, before we suffer the like again! and herein I only wish to you, what I resolve for my self.

Our Arms, and every Instrument of Defence was seized; we were debarred all Friendship and Society with each other; our Smiles and Tears became equally dangerous, and every Word and Action was interpreted to our Disadvantage. No Place was a Refuge, no Conduct was a Sanction to us; if we appealed to Law, we encountered with Power; and if we applied for Justice, we met with Condemnation. An Army of Sixty Thousand Free-booters was let loose upon us, whose only Pay was the Pillage and Plunder of the Protestants, on whom they were appointed for free Quarters. Those Wretches seized our Properties as of Right, and entered our Houses by Violence; they insulted our Misery, and perpetrated all Kinds of Villainy; they invaded the Marriage Bed, they compelled the Parents to behold the Rape of their Daughters; our Submission encouraged them to proceed to new Injuries, and if we resisted, we were dragged to Execution for Rebellion.

The Traces of those Times, my Countrymen, are not yet worn out, the Scars of those Wounds are still evident, and the Memory of them bleeds to this Day.

If

If we are Freemen, if we are Men——if we are Hus-
bands, if we are Parents——if we have Families to de-
fend, or Properties to preserve——if Liberty and Reli-
gion are more than Names——if there is any Sense of
Honour, or even of Interest left among us——if an uni-
versal Lethargy does not prevail, if Cowardice has not
quelled a Kingdom——we will arise! we will seize every
Man his Sword! we will turn upon these Destroyers!
these Enemies of Mankind! nor will we be appeased, till
we have swept this Invader with his Slavish Rout, from the
very Face of the Earth that they incumber.



End of the First Letter.

T H E

FARMER'S Second L E T T E R to the
PROTESTANTS of IRELAND.

My Countrymen,

IT may seem to you somewhat extraordinary, that one of my Occupation should turn Author; and that a Man who holds the Plow with one Hand, should presume to take up the Pen with the other. I answer, that I was no more bred a Fencer than a Writer; and yet I would be bold, in the Cause of Liberty, to measure a Sword with the most expert Slave in *France*. Occasion will make the Coward valiant, and the Illiterate eloquent; the Sense of Oppression and Tyranny gave Utterance to *Baalams*'s Ases; and I have somewhere read of a young Prince born dumb, who on the sudden Apprehension of Danger to a beloved Father, was instantly restored to Speech, and cried out with Power and Energy, *O save the King!*—So say I to you; save your King, save your selves, save your Country!

In the Commonwealth of *ancient Rome*, when Virtue was in its Vigour, and *Liberty* was the *Life* of the Constitution; Farming was very far from being a despicable Employment. That old-fashioned People had a great Respect for those, whose Industry gave Subsistence to the Public; and were weak enough to imagine, that he, who fed others by his Labour, was full as valuable, and as honourable a Member of the State, as he who gorgeously lavished its Wealth, and preyed upon its Vitals. They took up a Notion, that a Man who earns his Bread, will chuse to eat it in Freedom; and that he who sweats for his Property, will be most vigorous to defend it: Hence the Senator was called from his Spade, and the Dictator from his Plowshare; for they held, that Strength was the natural Consequence of Exercise, that *Valour* received Accession from having a *Stake to fight for*, and that the wisest Councils were dictated, by the Worth, and Honesty of the Heart.

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With whatever Justice those Maxims may be now exploded, I cannot help feeling somewhat of their Force.

When I walk abroad, and behold the Land I have so painfully improved, the fair Parks I have fenced, and the Plantations, that were the Infants of these Hands: When I reflect, that I have long enjoyed the Security of these Blessings, under his auspicious Majesty, notwithstanding my Cavils against his Ministers; and that the lordliest Squire in the Land did not dare to touch my Person, my Character, or my Property with Impunity: Again, when I return home, and am met by a Wife of pleased and unfeigned Looks; when my Children spread their Arms around me, and my Heart pours out its Feelings over those Rewards of my Industry, and Pledges of my Happiness; is it possible that I should think with Patience on the *impending Ruin*?—To see my Fields in Flames, my House a Heap of Rubbish, my Wife rent from my Bosom, and my Infants quartered by War! I will never survive to see such a Day of Horrors, and I only wish for a thousand Lives, that I might die as many Deaths, in their Defence.

Have you then, my Countrymen, no such Properties to preserve, no Parents to protect, no Wives to cherish, nor Infants to defend?

On the other hand, I would demand, what Advantages any one of you can propose, from a *Change of Government*? what is our Exception to the present? must we all be Pensioners and Placemen, or else unsatisfied? The Expectation is as absurd, as the Thing itself would be impossible. In the most perfect Administration, that the Wit of Man could imagine, the utmost that right Reason should look for, would be Impunity to Innocence, Encouragement to Industry, and Assurance to Possession; and such Advantages are extraordinary, considering the Prevalence of Tyranny, and Oppression, throughout the Earth.

But whose Ox, or whose Ass, hath his Majesty taken; whose Blood hath he shed, whose Property hath he invaded? even the Enemies of *George the Second*, have enjoyed the daily Benefits of his Reign; and those who rebel against him, have prospered under his Influence: They are Rebels to their own Interest, and Traytors to their Posterity.

I am not a Man, my Brethren, that ever flattered my Superiors, or ever complimented a Person in Power; I never
received,

received, nor applied for any Favour from his Majesty, GOD bless him; nor have any Expectations from him, save what is common to us all like the Light, even the Enjoyments of our Rights, and Preservation of our Privileges: I will even suppose it were a Matter indifferent to us, whether a *George*, or a *John*, or any Name that pleases most, was on the Throne; provided our *Blessed Constitution* were continued free, and intire to us and our Posterity: Yet it always was, now is, and ever will be my Opinion, that, under GOD, the greatest Security we can have, for the Maintenance of that Constitution, for the Preservation of our Religion and Liberties, in every Branch, is the Continuation of the regal Dignity, in the *royal House of Hannover*.

The Reason for this Opinion, is as glorious in Reflection, as it is happy in all Effects.

The great and incontestible Claim of that House to the Throne of these Kingdoms, is simply and singly founded on the Establishment made in the late *blest Revolution*; which Establishment is our second and surest *Magna Charta*; a Recognition of all our natural, civil, and religious Rights; and a perpetual Security, from any possible Encroachment on our Liberties.

By this Establishment, our Interest, and the Interest of the ruling Family, is one; we have no *Liberty*, but by supporting them in the Succession; they have no Title, but by securing to us our *Liberties*: They reign, but by our *Freedom*; we are free, but by their *Government*: We are woven in the same Workmanship; we are tied in the same Knot: Loose but one Part, and the Whole is quickly brought to Dissolution; should they deprive us of our *Privileges*, they forfeit their own *Title*; should we deprive them of the *Crown*, we forfeit our own *Privileges*; what *Establishment* can be so firm, what Union can be so happy?

I shewed you in my first Letter, the Absurdity of expecting any Security to the Lives, Religion, or Liberties of *Protestant* Subjects, from a Son of the *Pope*; and that a Prince educated in the Maxims of *arbitrary Sway*, and *Romish Superstition*, must inevitably introduce *Slavery* and *Anarchy*, to the final Subversion and Ruin of our Constitution.

This I proved, as well from Experience, as the Nature of Things; and I may still further affirm, both from Reason

son and Experience; that Effects of the same fatal Tendency, may be expected, even from a Protestant Prince, who is in any Measure under the Influence of Popish Councils; so spreading and poisonous is the *Leaven* of that Religion, like the *Evil Thing* among the *Jews*, bringing Plagues and Perdition to the whole State.

Though I should pass over the Reign of Queen *Mary*, bloody to a Proverb; yet History will ever remember, even while Charity would forget, the horrid Massacre of Forty-one; when our Enemies boasted, that they committed Murder and Rapine by royal Warrant; yet King *Charles* lived and died a Protestant, and the Pope swayed him, only by Authority of the *Distaff*.

Let us search the Annals of all our Kings, since the Reformation; even now, let us look throughout the several Establishments upon Earth; and if any single Branch of civil or religious Liberty, either did, or does subsist under the Influence of the *Papal Hierarchy*; I will admit a Possibility, that the like may again come to pass.

Neither is the Reason of this, very difficult to be discovered. The Church of *Rome* through all her Councils, Canons, Bulls, and Ordinances, sets up for absolute Infallibility; and accordingly she demands from all the Earth, implicit Faith in her Doctrines, and passive Obedience to her Dictates.

I do not blame her; for considering the Point she aims at, a finer Piece of Policy was never framed.

The surest Way to plunder my Purse, is to subdue my Body; and the safest Way to subdue my Body, is to lay that Spirit asleep, which should actuate and direct it.

Where the *Mind* leads the Way, the *Person* and *Fortune* are ever in the Train; there is not a more certain Consequence in all Algebra; and I once heard a learned Jockey observe, that the best Method of subduing a stubborn *Ass* to your Leading, was first to bridle the *silly Head*.

An old Story tells us, that when Doctor *Fauslus* bargained with the *Devil*, his *Soul* alone was mentioned in the Contract; and yet, when the Term of Forbearance was expired, that *old Usurer* thought himself intitled to *Body* and *Goods* also, and accordingly seized them, as an *Appendage* or an *et cetera* of Pack-thread and Paper.

It is just so that the Church of *Rome*, to obtain *temporal Dominion*,

Dominion, begins with *spiritual Usurpation*; and first enslaves the *Mind*, in order to reduce the *Body* to Servitude: She diligently studies and kens the Motives, by which frail Humanity is acted; she *terrifies* all *Virtue* without her Pale, by Persecutions, Inquisitions, Racks, Fires, and eternal Damnations; she *invites* all *Vice* in, by Dispensations, Indulgencies, and Pardons of every Crime, past, and to come; by auricular Confessions, she *dives* into every *Soul*; by Penances, she *lays hold* on every *Purse*: Give her all your Interest on Earth, and she readily compliments you with whatever Interest she has in Heaven: But once touch her Copyhold of this World, and every Fool knows the Errand and the Road she will send you.

However various and uncertain she may be in the *Means*; she is eternally single and uniform to the *End* she proposes: She *serves not two Masters*; *Mammon* is the Point, to which her Heaven and her Hell, her Prayers and her Imprecations, her Penalties and Indulgencies, all tend, as so many Radiuses to their Center; it is the Port for which she makes all Winds serve, and all Vessels steer. She alone has effectually found the *Philosopher's Stone*; she is the real *Midas*, who touches all Things into Gold: Her Kingdom reaches with her Covetousness, *beyond the Grave*; she pursues Men after Death, and compels Posterity to pay for the Redemption of their Ancestors.

Should I assert, that the Almighty Power of GOD cannot act Impossibilities, or reconcile Contradictions; I would not fear to offend the DIVINE AUTHOR of our Being: Yet this is a small Matter with *Rome*; Good is no longer Good, when opposed to her Measures; nor Evil evil, when committed to promote Purposes so literally valuable; she is too wise to assign her Members any stated Principle of Motion, or Rule of Action; this would have too much of the Shadow of Liberty, to avoid which, she suspends the whole moral Law, even the eternal and immutable Reason of Things, which she alters, annihilates, or creates anew, at Pleasure, while in one Breath she enjoins Faith and Allegiance, in another, Rebellions and Perjuries; the same Actions and Sentiments that shall, this Hour, waft her Votaries to Heaven, shall, in the next, precipitate them to the deepest Perdition: She commands Peace, and Peace is holy; she commands War, and Peace becomes Damnation: There

is no Virtue which she doth not condemn ; no Vice which she doth not sanctify in Turn : All Nature is but a Juggle in her Hands ; here she shews Truth and Reason, there Absurdity and Falshood to the Spectators ; she cries—*pass !*—At her Word they change Places, and each becomes the other in an Instant.

Her Infallibility is the Rudder, which she assumes, to pilot this great Vessel of the World ; she winds it to her own Purposes, and freights it with her own Treasures : Do but question her Prerogative, and in the Name of Heaven, she looses Hell upon you ; Rapes, Rapines, and Midnight Massacres, are the blessed of the Lord ; and eternal Happiness becomes due to Villainies and Murders. Believe ye not her Ordinances, you who are her Votaries ? Ye must believe, and obey ; to doubt is Heresy, and Heresy is Confiscation and Death.

Unhappy Men ! to what a State are ye reduced ; what Usurpations ye suffer ! what Prostitutions of Heaven, what Monopolies of Earth, what a Night of Superstition, what a Wilderness of Doctrine, what Deprivations of Truth, what Perswasion to Error, what Slavery of Mind, and Penalties of Body ! Ye were born in the Yoke of your wretched Forefathers ; and you have neither Courage nor Strength to free yourselves from so great a Burden. We compassionate your Captivity ; but we will die rather than share it : We love and would cherish you ; but we will not arm you to our own Danger.

And you my Fellow Protestants reflect, that since the Imperial Priesthood of *Rome* usurp a double Dominion, over the Souls and Bodies of their *Fraternity* ; what are *we* to expect from such Rulers ? If they treat their own *Household* with Severity, how much more, *Aliens* and *Enemies* ?

You see that in order to be the *Kings*, they make themselves the *Gods* of this World ; but then you also see, that the extent of their *Godhead* is *Dæmonism*, and all the Attributes of their *Kingship* are *Tyranny*.

The Church of *Rome* will suffer a *Philip*, or a *Lewis* to sit on the Throne of their Ancestors ; provided they acknowledge her Supremacy, and are obsequious to her Appointments. On those Terms she will preach Peace under Tyranny, and Submission to all Taxes and Impositions ; because she herself shares the Power and Revenues, and enjoys

joys the Fruit of so celestial a Doctrine: But should *Philip* or *Lewis* attempt to free themselves from her Bondage; should they even assemble their People, and propose to them to unite, in a mutual System of Liberty to King and Subjects; such a glorious Overture would of all Things be most likely to erase their own Title, and overturn their Throne: The Subjects would be instantly absolved from their Allegiance, and Rebellion would be enjoined under the Pain of Damnation: Bulls and Spiritual Thunders, would bellow through the Nation: The Populace would never endure the Terrors of *Excommunication*; and they would certainly return to the Tyranny of the Priesthood, in order to be reconciled to their GOD and their Religion; such is the irre-meable Gulph in which those Wretches are plunged; such is the impassable Circle in which they are compassed, and the indissoluble Cords by which they are retained; so utterly incompatible is Liberty and Priest-craft, so impossible to be a *Papist*, without being a *Slave*.

It is thus that the Church of *Rome* strongly secures the Possessions she has already gained, and she is also industrious to enlarge them: She will be satisfied with nothing less than universal Monarchy; and she is both wise and indefatigable to accomplish her Purposes. Fear her *Arts*, for they are crafty! fear her Actions, for they are *cruel*: You hear of her *Émissaries* in all Courts; you see them in all Places: They are a kind of *Ubiquitarians*; and where they are not in Person, they exist in *Power* and Influence: All Plots are of their Contrivance, all *Mischiefs* are of their Conception: They worm themselves into the Cabinets of Princes; they dictate the Councils of Kings; and a Cardinal's *Cap* is the *Crown* of Crowns. *Christ* said, *my Kingdom is not of this World*; for it seems, this World was left wholly, to his infallible *Vicar*.

I am not, my Brethren, of a persecuting Disposition; and it is the tremendous Occasion merely, that carries me even thus far. I should fear nothing from the *Romish* Laity; if they were not possessed by those enthusiastic, and cruel Spirits, that *go about seeking whom they may devour*: Nay I am personally acquainted with several, both of their Clergy, and Laity, who, in many respects, appear to be good Christians, and whom I believe in all respects moral Men: But this knowledge brings no Safety along with it;
for

for though a few should refuse to obey the Dictates ; yet none of them will dare to betray the Councils of their Rulers.

I observe that the *Papists* of this Kingdom, are particularly placid and peaceable, at this Season : But reflect whether we ought not to dread the heavier Storm, from so very still and fullen a Calm.

They say to us, *had we lived in the Days of our Fathers, we would not have been Partakers with them, in their Oppressions and Massacres : But herein they confess themselves to be the Children of those Men, by whom our Maidens were polluted, by whom our Matrons were left childless ; by whom our Grandfires were butchered, and their Infants dashed against the Stones.* Up then, my brave Countrymen ! gird on your Arms ! stand for your selves ! be strong to defend your Rights, be valiant to repel the Invaders !—Yet, we will do no Wrong, we will commence no Violence against our *in-mate Enemies*, while they prefer Peace to War, and the Administration of Justice to Rebellion : But we will provide against their Treason ; and we will save them also, if possible, from the Slavery to which they are prompt ; as we would preserve a *mad Brother*, that runs into the Flames.

End of the Second Letter.

T H E

FARMER'S Third LETTER to the
PROTESTANTS of IRELAND.

Fellow Protestants and Countrymen,

I Have already represented to you, in two former Letters, the great and heavy Dangers that impend over us and our Posterity, from the Power of *France* and *Spain*, the Principles of our *inmate Enemies*, and the Intrigues of the *Church of Rome*; who like the *World*, the *Flesh* and the *Devil*, make up a tripple Alliance of *Strength*, *Intimacy* and *Craft*, sufficient for as formidable a War as ever was waged against Religion and Liberty.

I have also shewn you, how the *Church of Rome*, like that *Arch-Politician*, makes use of both the other *Powers*, to reduce us by Force, or circumvent us by Treachery; that as she is ambitious of being the *Prince of this World*, she aims at the Perversion of all Mankind; that she has already seduced Millions to her *State of Perdition*; that, for many Ages, she has attempted these Kingdoms of *Light and Liberty*; and that, now, once for all, she makes her grand Effort: She exerts all her Influence, and summon's all her Powers, to subdue us to her *Dominion of Darknes and Chains*, to which *the Descent is easy*, but from whence there is no *Redemption*.

I am sensible that there are many specious Traytors who would insinuate to you, that there is no Necessity for this great Alarm; that nothing is meant of those Evils I have represented; and that the worst intended, by the present Invasion, is a Transference of the Crown, without any Design against our Constitution, our Liberties, or our Religion: They would perswade you, that the young Man, who hath adventured so daring an Enterprize, is a Person of many Virtues and Accomplishments; that he has undertaken this Expedition, merely to promote our Welfare; that

accordingly he hath issued his Manifestos, and promises, *upon his Honour*, to preserve our Constitution in Church and State.

Observe, my Countrymen, he promises *upon his Honour*; who is then so incredulous as to doubt his Intentions? not I, nor you, I hope; no, not the Traytors who would insinuate such Delusions, nor even his God-fathers, *Lewis* and the *Pope*, who would lay this Child at our Doors, and are ready to *vow all Things in his Name*.

His Promises indeed are merry; but Heaven preserve us from the woful Performance.

Can he promise away his Nature and Education? Can he promise away the Principles, and Blood of his Ancestors? Can he promise away the Hopes he has already given our Enemies, his Gratitude to Abettors, and Pre-engagements to Confederates?

Disease and Weakness are ever ready to promise, what Health and Power as quickly disavow: But the Promises of *Design*, are like *Scaffolds* to a Building; they are made, but for the Season; they are framed, to be brought to Dissolution; they engage, in order to betray.

Suppose (and yet the Supposition is as shocking as I trust it is absurd) suppose, I say, that it were possible for the Pretender to arrive at the Throne; there are but three Motives conceivable in Nature, from whence he could possibly be induced to preserve the Constitution of these Kingdoms; that is to say, *Inclination*, *Honour*, or *Interest*, and all *three* apparently tend to its Subversion. For first with respect to his *Inclination*—As our Constitution is a limited Monarchy, he could no otherways preserve it, than by limiting that Authority which Conquest would give him: But Power is an Article that all Men are naturally fond of; the Evil desire it that they may sin with Fullness and Security; the Good, to extend their Capacity of Benefaction: And confident I am, that the best Lover of his People upon Earth, would unwillingly surrender a Prerogative, of whose Possession he has once tasted the Sweets——What new *Phænomenon* then are we to expect in the present Disturber? alas, his Inclination is so particularly, so publickly, and so perfectly known, that there is not one Enemy of our Constitution who doth not this Day secretly rejoice in the Prospect of its Overthrow: It is this single Hope and Con-

Consciousness that attaches his private Friends and open Adherents to his Enterprize; and only treats us as a Lady of Reputation, whom he imagines inclined to be seduced; and merely promises Marriage, to give us some Kind of Colour, some little Apology for consenting to be undone.

But then his Honour—Ay—now, my Friends, Time is to call it in Question; for when his Ends are accomplished, it may be somewhat of the latest; who then shall dare to reproach him? This Kind of *Honour* has great Latitude and Allusion, it is the old *Net* in which Gudgeons are taken; *Sextus Quintus*, when a Cardinal, spread *one* over his Table, and his Fare was as homely as his Cloath; the Fame of this Abstinence procured him the Popedom; then was the *Net* cast aside as a mere *Apparatus*, and *Sextus* honestly avowed, that it now became an *Incumbrance*, as the Prospect of *fishing* was over, and all he could look for already *caught*. Sure, we are not to learn, that the very Honour, which this Man offers to us, is previously engaged to our Enemies: That Expectation is profuse of Promises, which Power may pay at leisure. That *Væ Victis* is a Maxim which every Age hath experienced, and that the Conquered can claim no Conditions.

The last Thing, now to be inquired, is, whether it would be the Interest of the Pretender to maintain the Constitution of these Kingdoms as now happily established in Church and State; and herein he differs widely from all his Ancestors. They came to the Throne without Contention, and all our Records make it evident, that it was highly for their Interest to preserve the Affections of their People, by supporting a Constitution to which they were peaceably and amicably called; and yet, either through Ambition, Weakness, or Bigotry, they to a Man made it the Business of their several Reigns, to alter or subvert it.

On the other hand this Stranger comes with Violence, abetted by all the Powers with whom we are actually at War, and in the open and avowed Opposition to our present Constitution, which, after the several Encroachments and Inroads made by his Ancestors, was revived, limited, and established anew, on the late glorious Revolution.

Can any One then be so weak, as really to imagine, that He will ever think it his Interest, to support a Constitution,
by

by which the Actions of his Ancestors stand condemned, by which He and his Issue are expressly excluded from the Throne, and which was established in the very Abolition of all his pretended Rights? The Absurdity is too flagrant. It is not for such Purposes, that the Enemies of our Rights and Religion are attached to his Enterprize, that All who are Foes to our Interests are Friends to his; it is not to preserve the Privileges of Protestants that the whole Body of Papists are his Adherents; and it is scarce to maintain the Liberties, enlarge the Trade, confirm the Power, and encrease the Wealth of these Kingdoms, that our foreign *Enemies* expend their Treasure and their Blood, on this so friendly an Expedition.

What the World expects from the Success of the Pretender is then evident. It amounts to no less than a total Ruin of our State. Their Expectation is just, their Disappointment would be amazing, and his own Ruin would inevitably follow. For, were it possible for the Pretender to incline toward a Constitution, to which he is so naturally, so habitually, and so interestedly averse, he would sap the only Pillars on which his Throne could be erected; he would prove treacherous and ungrateful to *Rome*, to *France*, and to *Spain*, on whose Beneficence he and his Family have subsisted, whose Soldiers are now levied, whose Fleets are equipped, and whose Money is lavished in his Service; he would justly forfeit the Affection of his Adherents; he would turn the Hearts of all his Friends to the bitterest Enmity; they would again rise in favour of some new Pretender; and his sole Resource must be to the shattered Remains of such precarious and dastardly Protestants, as were base enough to survive the Slaughter of their Brethren.

Go then, Ye Rebellious! Ye Forsaken of Wisdom! submit yourselves to your Seducer! solicit his Tyranny, sue for Perdition! prove of what extreme Perversion the Nature of Man may be capable! forsake your GOD, your King, and your Country! draw your Swords in the Cause of their Enemy, and stab at the very Face of your own Rights and your Religion! this will be a Sacrifice becoming Apostates to such a Master; who comes thus engaged by all the Ties of *Inclination*, of his *Honour*, and of his *Interest*, to lay your whole State in Ruin, and erase the very Name of a Protestant from Earth.

How

How unaccountable are the Tempers of Men!—how restless, how variable! how craving, how unsatisfied! how blind to their own Happiness; how devious from their own Interests! how greedy of Novelty, how loathing of Enjoyment! they are actuated by Whim; they are drunk like a Ship from her Courses, and have not whither to steer; in this Breath it is Hosanna! in the next it is Crucify! now they cry a Samuel, a Samuel! and again they reject the Empire of GOD himself, and a Saul is preferred to the ALMIGHTY ONE of *Israel*.

Pardon me, my Countrymen, I wonder not that the Pretender should seek the Destruction of these Kingdoms by whom he was cast forth; I wonder not that *Rome* should sound a Trumpet to the Battle, nor that the Powers of Superstition and Slavery should all unite in so interesting a Cause: For the Devils who hate the Light, yet envy the Lovers thereof, and would reduce them to that Darkness to which themselves are irrevocably doomed.—But that *Englishmen*, that Protestants, that Freemen should do likewise; that the Natives of *Canaan* should sigh for that *Egyptian* Task and Stubble from whence their Ancestors were so miraculously redeemed: This is altogether amazing: It is as these Eyes should curse the Sun that enlightens them; and these Lips, the fruitful Seasons by which they are fed.

We are not ignorant, my Friends, of the Maxims invented by political Logicians, by civil as well as religious Jesuits, to gloss their latent Designs, and screen the Abominations of arbitrary Power. *Ex Deo Rex, ex Rege Lex; Once a King, and always a King; Passive Obedience; Non Resistance; Divine indefeasible, Hereditary Right*, are sophisticated Terms of eternal Cavil and Argument; for as they have no Existence in Reason, so no determinate Meaning can ever be assigned: I shall not therefore attempt to combat a Shadow, whose Inability is its Defence; but I will at once come to the very Letter of plain Reason and common Sense; and however it may be variously asserted that Government is originally *Divine* or *Patriarchal, hereditary or elective, &c.* I trust by a few familiar Images, and a few very simple, but very honest Words, to confound the Wisdom of State-craft, and Priest-worn Policy.

By way of Comparison, I will suppose, that a certain Corporation

Corporation of Men have appointed some eminent Physician for the Preservation of their Health, and Lawyer for the Protection of their Properties. But now should the First prescribe Poyson to their Constitutions, and the Latter study the Means of reducing them to Poverty; I believe very few will say that such a Corporation would be blameable for discharging both the One and the Other. Many would think it a Duty incumbent on them to do so, and some violent Tempers would be apt to conceive that so great a Treachery deserved some little Punishment.

I will however suppose that this Corporation had an implicit Faith, and paid a passive Obedience to the Conduct of their Lawyer, and the Prescriptions of their Physician, and accordingly endured till their Estate was wholly embezzled, and their Health scarce retrievable. Will this mend the Matter in favour of those Guardians? or will not such a Confidence rather aggravate the Treason on one Side, and the Justice of the Resentment on the other?

Yet further—give me leave to suppose, that a Person presents himself to this Corporation, both as their Lawyer and Physician, and assures them that he is come from GOD, with full Authority to dispose of their Lives and Fortunes at pleasure.—He is believed and admitted accordingly.—And now it would be natural to conceive the highest Expectations, and to look for the most happy Effects, something more than Mortal, from One so divinely Commissioned. But should it be discovered, by long and rueful Experience, that this Man had profaned the Name of Heaven, merely to authorize the Works of Perdition; it is not very absurd to suppose, that after a tedious and miserable Forbearance, this Corporation might be almost tempted to cast this Man forth, as a Blasphemer of GOD, and an Enemy to the Children of his Creation.

But lastly, should a Person present himself, who is born and bred, known, avowed, and previously declared and provided against, as an Enemy to this Corporation, to its Health, its Estate, and its Franchises: Should this Corporation, notwithstanding, admit this very Person; I shall no longer hesitate to affirm, they would be most justly shorn of their Privileges, they would most deservedly perish with all their Rights.—

His Majesty King *Saul*, was the first *Lord's anointed*,
that

that I can hear of, and sure He had all the divine Right, and somewhat more, than the utmost Pretences, of his his Majesty King *James* could amount to; and yet, I cannot find in my Family-Bible, that GOD ever made a Grant of the People, even to this his *Elect*, nor that King *Saul* ever had the Impudence to demand so extraordinary a Property. He was granted, indeed, to the People, at their very pressing and particular Instance; but we find that even this Grant was conditional, and a Body of Laws was at the same Time compiled and established, which was to be a common Standard of Behaviour to King and Subjects.

Accordingly, when *Saul* transgressed those Statutes, and made light of the Injunctions of the ALMIGHTY; when he took the Freeborn of *Israel* for his Servants, and the Fair Ones of *Judah* for his Hand Maidens; When the *Evil-Spirit* of Tyranny came upon him; When he sought to entrap the Life of Innocence, and hunted Loyalty as a Deer through the Forest; When his Heart turned from the LORD, and put its Trust in the Witchcrafts of Superstition; The LORD also turned from *Saul*, and *Saul* with his whole House were for ever rejected from being Kings over *Israel*.

Here, my Countrymen, was literally *Ex Deo Rex, sed Lex Regi. Once a King, and never more a King. Divine, yet defeasible and inheritary Right.*—So falls the labour'd Castle in which Tyrants put their Confidence; and so vanishes the Phantom which wise Priests had conjured up for a Terror to the Ignorant.

I am thus far authoris'd by Scripture; and I am further authoris'd by Reason to remark, that GOD elected *Saul* to be King, at the same time that he foresaw he would reject him; and therefore elected him as an Example to all Kings for ever, that they should not hope to use his NAME for the Abuse of his Creatures; and that no Right, divine or human, can be given, for *Wrong-doing*, the Absurdity of this Expression shews the Absurdity of the Claim, and the Contradiction in the Terms shews as strong a Contradiction in Nature.

These would be bold Truths, my Friends, in any other Climate, or under any other King, such, as never were uttered in the Reign of a *James* or a *Charles*, and such, as my Head should answer throughout the Dominions of the Earth: But his Majesty's gracious Government protects
me,

me, in the Avowal of that, which is Treason to all other regal Administrations. Truth cannot hurt our King, and whatever makes against Tyranny must tend to his Honour.

Under him, we think freely, we speak freely, we act freely; and this alone is the Way, to act gloriously, and to live happily. Where can we find such Privileges? and could we forsake him, to whom shall we fly? We will not forsake him, my Countrymen, His Value is endeared to us by the Apprehension of losing Him, and We vow to Heaven, and to Earth, that *we will not have this Stranger to rule over us.* We will not be guilty of the Scripture Paradox, We will not suffer this *Patch of Rome* on the good *old British Garment*, which would inevitably rend the whole Vesture into Shreds.

We have often been accused of Quarrelling, but never of Cowardice; We can fight where it is our Duty to forbear; a Word, nay a Look of Insult, is judged sufficient to put Life to the Hazard. What may we not perform, then, when the Free shall be spurred? and the Valiant instigated by Motives, that would kindle the Frost into Flame?—In that Day, let no Man depend on the Arm of another! let him fight, as though He alone were to decide the Glory of the Battle! As though the Ghosts of his honourable Ancestors pushed him onward! As though Posterity were already born, and cryed upon him for Liberty!—My Life here, and my Soul hereafter on the Justice of our Quarrel.



End of the Third Letter.

The FARMER'S Fourth LETTER to the PROTESTANTS of IRELAND.

I Have been told by the Learned, that there is a Sort of Resemblance between the Qualities of the Soul and Body; and that the Mind has a Kind of Stomach, which digests, and changes all Things, however different, to a Likeness of its own Nature and Disposition, and so supplies Nourishment for Vice or Virtue, moral Health or Distemper, Reason or Passion.

It is hence, they say, that nothing is so good but it may afford Matter of Evil, nothing so evil but Good may be taken from it; and that Medicine will turn to Poison, or Poison to Medicine, agreeable to the Constitution that receives them; as the Bee gathers Honey from the very Flower which had supplied Venom to the Serpent.

I am sensible that some Gentlemen are apt to refine too highly from the Substance of Things; and yet Experience has convinced me of much Truth in these their Observations. On one Side I have seen Learning add Weight to Stupidity, and Courts improve the Follies of a Coxcomb; the Atheist will gather Argument even from the Preacher, and the Rebel plant Disloyalty on the very Favour of his King: On the other Side all Objects can administer to Wisdom, and all Occurrences to Virtue, the social Duties of Life may be learned from Brutes, and a Lesson of Politics from the very Insects of the Creation.

I once visited an *English* Gentleman, who was one of those whom they call the *Virtuosi*, and had carried his Observations to a great Length; he had for many Years retired to the Country, as he told me, in Search of Truth; for Man, said he, is studied in Falshood, he eats the Bread of Cunning, he wears a Number of Veils, and hides the very Arts by which he deceives you: But rural Nature is frank, kind, and delightful; she holds a Depth of Knowledge, and yet is open to Instruction.

This whimsical Discourse gave me a Curiosity to be further acquainted; accordingly I endeavoured to accommodate myself to his solitary Disposition, and had the good Fortune to succeed in his Favour.

D

On

On a Summer's Morning, as we strolled the Fields, ' I
 ' now said he, am persuaded, that the ancient *Brachmans*
 ' and *Mandarins* understood the Language of Brutes. Be
 ' not surprized, continued he, the Nature of Language is
 ' various, and more truly understood from Action than the
 ' Tongue: I myself am a considerable Proficient in the
 ' Knowledge of this Kind of Expression; and what we
 ' talked the other Day of the Temper of a certain Nation,
 ' puts me in Mind of a late Event, that will altogether a-
 ' maze a Man of your narrow Experience and little Know-
 ' ledge in Polity.

' Know then, that though I avoid the Company of Men,
 ' it is not by Choice but Constraint. I love to behold the
 ' *Human Face divine*, but their Vices drive me from among
 ' them: Wherefore to satisfy, in some Measure, this social
 ' Thirst of my Nature, I have stocked my Land with all
 ' Kinds of Beasts, Birds, and Insects, whose Disposition
 ' leads them to Community: With these I assemble, with
 ' these I converse; I study their Manners, I trace them
 ' through all their Actions; We have a mutual Regard to
 ' the Wants of each other; I supply them with Food, and
 ' they supply me with Knowledge.

' I may with Truth affirm, that the ALMIGHTY is never
 ' greater than in little Matters, nor the Infinity of WISDOM
 ' more extensive, than when seemingly reduced to a Point:
 ' My chief Attention therefore, is to the minutest Animals
 ' of the Creation: There is no Species of Insects whose
 ' Weal I have not cultivated; and inconsiderable as I ap-
 ' pear to you, I am the Lord of many powerful Monarch-
 ' ies, elegant Cities, and well peopled States.

' Were it to my present Purpose, I could shew you, that
 ' neither the Wisdom, the Wit, nor the Wantonness of
 ' Man, ever formed a greater Variety of political Systems,
 ' than may be discovered among the several Societies of those
 ' little Creatures: But I hasten to the Point in View.

' The Government of the Bees is the most perfect, and
 ' best provided of any under Heaven; they have a limited
 ' Monarchy whose executive Power is lodged in One, tho'
 ' the Nobles and People have their independent Share in the
 ' Legislature, together with a certain Check and Controul
 ' over the Execution of those Laws, which they jointly assist
 ' to frame, for the Good of the whole Community.

‘ As my dear native Country has the Honour of mimick-
 ‘ ing this wise Nation in their Constitution, my Inquiry
 ‘ into their Polity was extremely earnest, and cost me the
 ‘ Application of some Years. For this important Purpose
 ‘ I provided a Variety of Glafs Hives, by whose Assistance
 ‘ I was admitted into the Cabinets of Princes ; I entered
 ‘ their August Senates, I mingled in their Debates, and was
 ‘ sometimes vain enough to believe myself of Consequence
 ‘ among this People.’

Here I could not restrain a Smile ; and I told my Friend
 it was a Pity that those Debates were not published in some
 modern Language, as I did not doubt but the Ingenuity of
 the Interpreter would amply supply the Obscurity of the Text.

‘ Your Error, he replied seriously, proceeds from Preju-
 ‘ dice. The History of this People is without Comparison
 ‘ more accountable than that of the human Species : Our
 ‘ Language indeed has more of Sound, but less of Signifi-
 ‘ cation ; and as our Actions are infinitely less uniform, so
 ‘ our Thoughts are less intelligible by our Kind of Expres-
 ‘ sion——But to proceed.

‘ Some Generations passed away during this my Attend-
 ‘ ance, and a few Revolutions happened, in which the
 ‘ Contest was always between the Prince, and the People ;
 ‘ between the Attempts after absolute Power on one Side,
 ‘ and the Defence of Liberty on the other. The Prince
 ‘ had been always the first Aggressor, and the People in the
 ‘ Issue were always triumphant ; and though both Parties
 ‘ were guilty in their Turn of great Cruelties and Excesses,
 ‘ yet the Event contributed more and more to the Glory
 ‘ and Happiness of this Nation ; and the Constitution
 ‘ seemed at last so firmly established, as not to admit a
 ‘ Possibility of Disturbance or Decay.

‘ But alas, how unstable is the Condition of Mortality !
 ‘ a Life so precarious can include nothing certain, and no De-
 ‘ pendance can be fixed within the Changes of the Moon.

‘ It was upon a Summer when the Season was peculiarly
 mild, the Sun shone forth with a delicious Brightness, the
 ‘ Herbs uttered voluntary Fragrance, the Dews descended
 ‘ in Ambrosia, and lavished on this People the Labours of
 ‘ a Thousand Years.——Fatal Bounty ! better had it been
 ‘ that Winter had still prevailed, and that the black North
 ‘ had blown for ever. For, lo ! this People, late so wise,

‘ so industrious, so frugal, so established in Government,
 ‘ so upright in Morals, became suddenly enervated by Plea-
 ‘ sure, and corrupted by Plenty.

‘ Heaven seemed at once to deprive them of Knowledge;
 ‘ the divine Light of Instinct was almost utterly quenched;
 ‘ and little more was left them, than what resembled the
 ‘ Glimmerings of *human* Reason; just enough to argue,
 ‘ but not to decide; enough to shew they were in Error, but
 ‘ not to guide them to Rectitude.

‘ They retained indeed the old Terms and Names of
 ‘ Things, but they wholly lost their Signification. Never
 ‘ was there greater Bustle about public Spirit and Liberty;
 ‘ they were spoke of by all Persons, they were claimed by
 ‘ all Parties, but they were possessed by none, their Sound
 ‘ was in all Places, but the Substance was no where to be
 ‘ found.

‘ During this Delirium of the Times a Queen filled the
 ‘ Seat of Power, who hitherto had reigned, apparently to the
 ‘ Satisfaction, and truly to the Advantage, of all her Subjects.

‘ Her Majesty had a daring Spirit, but her Temper was
 ‘ all Clemency; she was herself fearless of Danger, and yet
 ‘ made it her Study to keep her People in Safety; Malice
 ‘ could not accuse her of a single Action of Cruelty, or
 ‘ Oppression; and though she was highly jealous of her
 ‘ own Honour and Prerogative, she had made no Attempt
 ‘ on the Privilege of others.

‘ Unhappily the Wits were none of her Favourites; she
 ‘ regarded not the Talents of the Speaker, and depended on
 ‘ her Actions merely, for her Fame and her Vindication.

‘ This was an Instance of the Integrity of her Heart;
 ‘ but it was by no Means a Proof of her Policy.

‘ Genius is like a Whale, that will have Employment;
 ‘ and if you throw not out a Cask, it may assault and en-
 ‘ danger the whole Ship.

‘ Accordingly it came to pass; for as there is no Admi-
 ‘ nistration at which some Umbrage may not be taken, the
 ‘ prime Wits laid hold of the smallest Peccadillos, which
 ‘ they magnified by their Art, and spread by their Insinu-
 ‘ ations.

‘ The Populace are a Kind of Tinder, and Patriotism,
 ‘ whether real or pretended, is the Spark by which they
 ‘ are inflamed.

‘ A Faction was quickly kindled, that rose from murmuring into Clamour: The Ministry was declared the Object of their Discontent; and whatever was proposed, though for the Good of the Country, if proposed by the Court, became therefore exceptionable.

‘ Hereupon the Ministry began to be alarmed; they had really been guilty of some false Steps, and were still more unfortunate in several Miscarriages; they apprehended the Disaffection to be more general than actually it was, and that a Faction would not dare to lift itself in the Hive without a deeper and broader Base than yet appeared to fight: Thus their Fears represented Matters as already far gone, that their Safety might better be procured by defending than reforming their Measures, and that this could be effected no otherwise than by opposing Power to Power, and Faction to Faction.

‘ This Opposition served but to inflame and heighten Opposition, and the Alarm from hence became but too general. The Bees are of all Nations the most attached to their Establishment, and most jealous of their Rights. Some Misfortunes could not but happen, in Consequence of such Measures; and these provoked even the Moderate to complain.

‘ It was at this unhappy Crisis, that all those who were privately the Enemies of the Constitution, assumed the Mask of Patriotism: As these joined in the common Cry, so they opened the loudest; and were proud to follow some known Friends of the State, to hunt Royalty to Death, as they imagined, and to rend the Constitution in Pieces.

‘ In short a national *Spleen* spread like a Contagion; it became a Disease, it infected the whole Hive; and the Frenzy of the Times might be justly enough entitled the Ravings of a distempered and feverish Body. But it was the Fashion to be mad, and that was sufficient Apology for the Wifest.

‘ All private Discontents were made a Pretence for public Clamour. The Full murmured because they were proud, and the Empty because they were pinched: The Poor envied the State of the Wealthy; and the Wealthy were covetous of larger Possessions: Those out of Office could not be satisfied with any Administration; and even those

' those in Place, could not be gratified to their own Sense
 ' of their Merits : All slighted what they had ; all coveted
 ' what they had not ; yet none knew what they wanted.
 ' Nothing weighed equal in the State : All was too light
 ' or too heavy, too hot or too cold. Wickedness invent-
 ' ed new Buzzings and Whisperings ; Folly hunted after
 ' the Extravagance of those Tidings ; while Indolence a-
 ' lone sat still, nor regarded the Tide, or the Turn.

' Even Peace was loathed for its Length, Plenty became
 ' wanton, Power became insolent, and Possession was no
 ' longer an Enjoyment, through the Petulance and Thirst
 ' for Novelty.

' But, above all, Malice rejoiced to see true Patriotism
 ' become a Tool to its own Destruction ; while thousands
 ' of Wretches triumphed, whose only Hope of Fortune
 ' was erected on the Ruin of Others, and whose Harvest
 ' was the Defolation of the State.

' So general an Uproar could not long escape the Ear of
 ' Majesty, and some were still found, free and honest e-
 ' nough, to impart to Her the Reasons alledged for so pub-
 ' lic a Disturbance.

' Her Majesty, you may well imagine, was extremely
 ' amazed at such extraordinary Tidings ; she searched her
 ' whole Soul, she canvassed all her Actions, and yet could
 ' find nothing therein, but Beneficence to her Subjects in
 ' particular, and good Will to the whole Species. She then
 ' examined the Tradition of her Ancestors, and found that
 ' the Bees had been often a long-suffering People, that
 ' few Princes had ever ruled with equal Clemency and
 ' Candour, and that no Instance could be given of the Re-
 ' volt of that Kingdom, on such trivial Pretences, on so
 ' very slight a Provocation.

' However she graciously determined to leave them no
 ' Apology for their Errors ; she broke through the Circle
 ' of her Courtiers, she entered the grand Assembly of the
 ' State, she openly and gloriously declared her permanent
 ' Resolution of adhering to them for ever, and of defend-
 ' ing the Rights, the Privileges, and the Liberties of her
 ' Subjects, to the utmost of her Power, and to the last of
 ' her Breath. She requested them to join her in the Re-
 ' dress of all Grievances, and gave them full Commission,
 ' that if Any had misused her Name, or traduced her Au-
 ' thority,

thority, they should try them by the Laws of the Realm,
for to the Laws of the Realm she left them.

You may observe, my Friend, that in the History of the Bees, I have placed the regal Power in a Female : But, if your Fancy leads you into Comparisons, You have my Leave to strike out *Queen* and substitute *King* in the Place.

And now, One would think, that such Assurances, such Concessions, such Condescensions, I may say, and from a Sincerity too that was never called in question, might have been as the Voice of Heaven, to still the Roar of the Elements, and to say to the Waves, thus far shall ye pass, and no further !

The Fact is, that all true Patriots were more than fully appeased ; and some of the Wits, who originally brooded, and had continued to foment the Storm, now repented their Rashness, and would have sounded a Retreat.

But Things so far advanced could not suddenly recede, and the Commotion was as the Sea, whose Surging still continues, when the Winds have ceased.

And now the *Grand Secret* was discovered, *the Veil of the Sanctuary of Disloyalty was rent in twain* ; the Names of Offence were obliterated, and yet the Offence remained, and Thousands, who had cried loud against *Queen* and *Ministry*, were found to pursue hard after *Country* and *Constitution*.

Those Wretches, abandoned to all Sense even of their own Interest, rather than the City should not burn, were willing to throw themselves into the Flames. They had told it in Gath, they had published it in Ascalon, that this their *Jerusalem* was ripe for Destruction. They had invited all the Enemies of Truth, they had invited all the Lovers of Rapine to share the Plunder of their Country ; and all Insects of Depredation, Wasps, Gnats, Hornets, &c. with every Species of noxious Vermin, gathered and hovered round the Hive, as round a Carcase already doomed, and drawing to its Dissolution.

Among the Species of *Wasps*, there was One of a peculiar Form, and beautiful Outside. He boasted that he was originally descended from the royal Family of the Bees, and he might really have passed for such, had it not been for his natural Incapacity of ever making Honey.

This

‘ *This young Wasp* put himself at the Head of all the pernicious Insects, and claimed a *Right*, derived to him from his *Ancestors*, of *plundering the whole Hive*.

‘ He had long held a Correspondence with the disloyal Party of the Bees, who, by secret and treasonable Practices, had considerably promoted his Interests, strengthened his Faction, and abetted his Pretences. Those Bees were unworthy of the Name, as they had degenerated from their Nature; they were Wasps in their Heart, and thirsted after Anarchy; they were lazy, and therefore detested Law, since it restrained them from Rapine; and they even preferred Tyranny to Liberty, in hopes to share the Prey and Authority with the Tyrant.

‘ When they imagined, that the foreign Enemies of their Country had collected Powers sufficient to support their accursed Purposes, they had the Insolence to introduce the young *Robber*, even this *Prince of Prey* into their native Hive. He openly proclaimed Property, but he secretly whispered Plunder; he overthrew the Barrier of Rights; he profaned the ancient Mansion of Liberty with his Presence; and all the Virtues shrunk at his Sight.

‘ Then it was that the glorious Discrimination was made, then it was that the Hearts of all Bees were laid open, that Sounds could no longer mislead, nor false Colourings impose on the Observer. No honest Bee could hesitate a Moment longer on what Side he should rank himself; Truth and Falshood so apparent made the Difference of East and West; No One could side with Slaves yet say he was a Lover of Liberty; and it was sufficient to every Friend of his Country, that he saw to whose Banner the Enemies thereof were assembled.’

Here my Friend paused, wholly wrapt in the Contemplation of so tremendous a Crisis.

End of the Fourth Letter.



The FARMER'S Fifth LETTER to the PROTESTANTS of IRELAND.

DURING the Silence of my Friend, I had just prepared to address him with some Observations, which had occurred touching his History of the Bees; when, without perceiving my Intentions, he proceeded.

‘ When the Queen of the Bees observed, to what a sudden Strength and Maturity this Infant of Rebellion was grown; she conjectured, that other Events might also speedily come to pass, which till now had appeared altogether impossible.

‘ She had already founded all Factions, she had turned to all Parties, but hitherto had discovered no solid Foundation of Integrity whereon to rest.

‘ She saw that some of her Ministers had advised Measures equally injurious to her own Dignity, and the Welfare of her People; that some of her Favourites had betrayed her Councils, and that many of her Officers had betrayed their Trust. Where was Confidence to be reposed? Where was Faith to be found among Bees?

‘ She now began to suspect that *Virtue* and *Liberty* were meer Names, whose Sounds signified nothing, save *Interest* and *Office*: She perceived that even *Interest* and *Office* were no Bar to *Disloyalty*; and imagined, that the Chaos and Extinction of all Morals and Order was approaching.

‘ However, she attempted for the last Time to recall her erring People to the Ways of Wisdom and Rectitude. She ordered her Subjects to be assembled: She caused free Pardon to be proclaimed to all who yet should return to their Duty: She issued from the Hive, and called those who loved their Country to follow.

‘ On this Occasion, Few dared, so openly, to disavow the Voice of Majesty; the Loyal and Disloyal, Friends and Foes, the True and the Faithless crowded together.

‘ There was a large Plain before the Hive, whereon the

‘ Queen made a Stand, the Nobles kept next to her Royal Person, and the Populace were gathered around.

‘ Among the Commons there was a Bee, noted for nothing but his Industry and his Distresses; the Fruits of his Industry he had divided with his Fellows in Want, but in his Distresses he desired no Sharer; his Neighbours would often praise him, and pass him by; neither was his Society sought after by his Acquaintance; for Virtue is fitted to no Purpose in Life, it is equally useless to Diversion as to Profit, to Cabal as to Faction, to Country as to Courts; It is a Treasure that may lie a whole Age on the High-way, yet no One take it up, or inquire for the Owner; it is only in ALMIGHTY POWER to turn it to Advantage, and to bring it to Honour in his own due Season.

‘ This Bee stepped forth from the Throng, his various Emotion shewed the Agitation of his Soul, he appeared as an Orator of Old, his Action was discomposed, he seemed to labour toward Utterance, but his Thoughts were yet too warm and too much hurried for Expression; the Croud was held in Suspense; when at length, breaking Silence, he made this memorable Oration.

‘ May it please your Majesty, the Illustrious of your National Council, and these my fellow Bees. I have somewhat to say to Each, and to all of You, and I shall say it with Freedom. The Heavens be praised! we are still free to speak and to hear: The Times of Tyranny are not yet come, when even our Looks may be examined, and then Woe to him who cannot add Hypocrisy to Slavery, and cast a Shew of Chearfulness over the Anguish and Bitterness of his Heart. We are yet free, my Friends, I glory to repeat it; while Time is, I will seize the Advantage; Liberty is the great Privilege to which I was born, it is a Privilege without which I will not live, and ere I die in its Defence, I will use it to the full of its Latitude.

‘ Listen to me, You of the Commonality, You my Fellows of the Vulgar. Some of You say, or Others say for You, that Corruption is prevalent in Court, and has also infected your Representatives in Council; that good Policy has no Occasion for evil Arts; that honest Measures

‘ fures call for Practices that are equally honeſt; and that
 ‘ publick Calamities muſt of Neceſſity enſue, when pub-
 ‘ lick Affairs, in any reſpect, are made ſubſervient to private
 ‘ Interests.

‘ For my own particular, I do declare, that hitherto I
 ‘ have felt none of thoſe foreboded Calamities; and my
 ‘ Neighbours alſo confeſs that the Influence ſo much dread-
 ‘ ed hath not yet reached them. We ſpeak, and think,
 ‘ and act, enjoy, and diſpoſe of Property, as freely as ever;
 ‘ and the Rain and Sunſhine of good Government appear
 ‘ to us to be diſpenſed in their uſual and due Season: But
 ‘ if a Cauſe for theſe Complainingſ does really exiſt, I fear,
 ‘ my very honeſt Friends, that You cannot eſcape from the
 ‘ largeſt Burden, both of the Guilt and the Imputation.

‘ Your Rights and your Liberties are in your own Hold-
 ‘ ing, and I may aver with Truth, that, ignorant and
 ‘ mean as ye are, the Preſervation or Diſſolution of the
 ‘ wiſeſt Eſtabliſhment that ever was upon Earth is finally
 ‘ in You alone. You alone have the Choice of your own
 ‘ Representatives; and your Representatives, who are of
 ‘ Council to her Maſteſty, have a Controul over the Mea-
 ‘ ſures of the Miniſtry, and may call the proudeſt of her
 ‘ Servants to Account. Thus her Maſteſty has all the Will
 ‘ and Power imaginable to do You Good, but I truſt ſhe
 ‘ will never have the Will, and ſhe never can have the
 ‘ Power, to hurt You; ſhe cannot employ Miniſters that
 ‘ are above the Controul of your Representatives; and your
 ‘ Representatives, if honeſtly choſen, will controul every
 ‘ Article that is not conducive to your Welfare.

‘ If therefore any Meaſures have been taken, that are
 ‘ not for the Honour of her Maſteſty and your Advantage;
 ‘ it is evident that the Miniſtry has engaged your Repre-
 ‘ ſentatives to concur in ſuch wrong Meaſures; and then
 ‘ it is alſo as evident, that you yourſelves have been corrupt-
 ‘ ed, or you would never chooſe ſuch Representatives as
 ‘ would injure your own Rights.

‘ But if You are really thus prone to Bondage: if you
 ‘ are ready to ſell the great Inheritance of your Fathers for
 ‘ a Bag of Honey; if you muſt be ſee’d even to concur in
 ‘ Meaſures that make for your own Welfare; if ſome of
 ‘ you, perhaps, have taken Bribes from our foreign Ene-
 ‘ mies to betray yourſelves and your Poſterity; what can
 ‘ her

' her Majesty and the World conclude? but that you are
 ' a Pack of precarious Wretches, on whom no Prince can
 ' depend, equally unworthy of the Privileges to which you
 ' were born, as of the Love and Protection of so gracious
 ' a Monarch.

' If any of you have done thus, my Brethren, do so no
 ' more; and, for Shame, cease such Complaints, as must
 ' turn to your own Reproach, and come home to your own
 ' Confusion.

' I perceive some here, whom I must believe Friends to
 ' the State, and whom therefore I cannot believe Foes to
 ' her Majesty; and yet they seem to dally, and murmur
 ' touching some certain Grievances: Is this a Season to ga-
 ' ther Straws in our City? is it a Time to be engaged in
 ' sprucing up our Chambers, when the Enemy is already
 ' at the Gate? Do these Patriots love their Country? so
 ' do I; do they love Liberty? so do I; would they wran-
 ' gle for a Hair touching the One or the Other? so would
 ' I; but let us not lose the Substance, by disputing about
 ' the Form; let the Constitution itself be once safe, and
 ' then I promise to join in the strictest Search, to see if
 ' even a Mote may be found therein.

' To You next I speak, ye Disaffected, to you, ye ex-
 ' quisite Profaners of Patriotism, ye People of delicate Ap-
 ' prehensions! Who late so loud as you against the Mini-
 ' stry? Who so jealous of the Possibilities that might lurk
 ' in her Majesty's Intentions?—Traitors!—Ye seemed
 ' to tremble lest the Breeze should blow on that very Con-
 ' stitution, against which Ye now enforce a Tempest: Ye
 ' seemed fearful of a Flaw in that Building, which Ye now
 ' would overturn to its lowest Foundations.

' Should a Stranger behold yon gathering of hostile Na-
 ' tions; should he see them ready to enter our City, to raze
 ' our Buildings of inimitable Art, to slaughter our Infants,
 ' to cancel our Constitution, and to ravage the inestimable
 ' Sweets of our Labours; would he not curse the Tyrant,
 ' whose Ambition, he must imagine, had called in these
 ' Enemies, to the Destruction of his unhappy People?—
 ' He would, my Brethren; for he could never suspect that
 ' Nature had left any Creatures so void of Understanding,
 ' that they should solicit their own Ruin, and loath the
 ' only Blessings that were of Value in Life.

' In all Contests, from the Beginning of Government,
 ' the Prince has struggled for arbitrary Power, and the Peo-
 ' ple for Liberty. It is now, for the first Time, that the
 ' Prince struggles for Liberty, and the People for arbitrary
 ' Power; they quarrel not to defend, but to abolish their
 ' own Rights; and hazard their Lives to sacrifice, what
 ' every Bee, since the Creation of the World, would have
 ' sacrificed his Life to preserve. Great Powers! they take
 ' up Arms against a Prince who would save them; and
 ' their Prince takes up Arms, merely to prevent them from
 ' working their own Perdition. A glorious *Æra* indeed
 ' for the Prince, but most ignominious for such a People;
 ' blot it out kind Heaven from the Accounts of Time!
 ' deliver not our Name among thy Works to Posterity! or
 ' give us again such Hearts as were sensible to Truth, re-
 ' turn us those Understandings that once were guided by
 ' Reason.

' But wherefore is this Infatuation of the Soul? from
 ' whence can arise this Mist that clouds our Senses? If we
 ' really apprehend any Danger of Encroachment on our
 ' Privileges, can that be a Reason for sacrificing our Con-
 ' stitution? if we fear the Damage of a Part, can such
 ' Fear induce us to ruin the Whole? to avoid a Spark, shall
 ' we leap into a Furnace? To escape a Shower, shall we
 ' plunge into the Sea?

' We are not all so depraved, my Brothers, and I trust
 ' this Defection is not so general as our Enemies look for.
 ' Truth is strong, and ever valiant were the Defenders
 ' thereof; Liberty I allow may be weakened by Luxury,
 ' and brought to Dissolution by Corruption, but it never
 ' was won by Arms; it may be undermined by Treachery,
 ' but it cannot be stormed by Force.

' Let us put it to the Proof, Let our Nation be number-
 ' ed, let that Number be divided into three Parts, leave
 ' two Thirds to the Disloyal and the Fearful of Heart, but
 ' sever to us one Third for the Lovers of Liberty; again
 ' divide that Third, and one Half thereof shall be suffici-
 ' ent to quash Rebellion, the other to encounter Invasion;
 ' One shall be sufficient to the Defection of our Country,
 ' and the Other to the rest of the World.

' Know therefore, great Queen! that whatever the Spi-
 ' rit of Faction may dictate, or Flattery insinuate to other
 ' Princes,

‘ Princes, the Spirit of Liberty is now your only Safety,
 ‘ as it will ever be your surest Support.

‘ Whatever may be the original Foundation of Right in
 ‘ any Monarch to Dominion, Popularity can alone be the
 ‘ Confirmation thereof; nor is there any Power divine or
 ‘ human to support a Prince, who appeals from the Wel-
 ‘ fare and Good Will of his People.

‘ Had you, great Queen, attempted, or should you ever
 ‘ attempt to invade those Rights of which you are constitu-
 ‘ ted the Guardian, or to sap that Constitution which you
 ‘ are entrusted to support; believe not what Courtiers may
 ‘ say, neither hope that any Partiality or Affection to your
 ‘ sacred Person will engage your Subjects to defend a Mo-
 ‘ narch, who makes an Assault upon themselves. If we
 ‘ are to be Slaves, it matters not to whom, the Name or
 ‘ Person of our Master is to us of no further Concern: In-
 ‘ terest, through all Nature, is a necessary Motive to Ac-
 ‘ tion, Love generates Love, Regard begets Regard, and
 ‘ Protection Protection: It is this mutual Relation, through-
 ‘ out the World, that keeps the Whole from Dissolution,
 ‘ by thus connecting the Parts: Force cannot be exerted
 ‘ but by Action, nor Action but by the Will, and the
 ‘ Will ever was and must be free to Eternity; no Power
 ‘ in Heaven or on Earth can constrain it, it must be won
 ‘ by good Offices, for we ourselves cannot compel it in
 ‘ your Favour.

‘ Lay hold then, thou chosen Monarch! on this Prin-
 ‘ ciple of Liberty; preserve to us our Freedom, that we
 ‘ may ever be willing, and therefore able to fight for You:
 ‘ Let your Goodness continue to beget Gratitude, and your
 ‘ Defence of our Privileges a Defence of your Dominion:
 ‘ So shall you be as one great Soul, animating the whole
 ‘ Body of your Subjects, into the utmost Power of a vo-
 ‘ luntary Exertion, for Advantages that redound from You
 ‘ to themselves, and that are equally the Interest of Prince
 ‘ and People.

‘ Had you been a Tyrant, I dare not speak thus; and
 ‘ yet I dare greatly, in the Cause of Liberty.

‘ A Tyrant is a little Creature, of a narrow Capacity
 ‘ and contemptible Spirit; his Thirst of Power is not Am-
 ‘ bition, but Cowardice; He desires to be strong merely
 ‘ that he may be guarded, to be powerful only in Order to
 ‘ be

' be safe; his Soul is too confined to receive or communi-
 ' cate Happiness; he fears the Attempts of Others, and
 ' therefore is cruel: He has no Relish of Merit, and there-
 ' fore seeks no Praise; he hates and persecutes that Virtue
 ' in Others, which he possesses not in himself: A Regard to
 ' Fame, to Glory, to Posterity, is quite beyond the nar-
 ' row Limit of his Reach, and he cannot even attempt at the
 ' Failings of a great Mind, which in him might pass for so
 ' many Virtues.

' But the benevolent Prince of a free Nation is the near-
 ' est Resemblance of the Deity himself; he cannot be the
 ' GOD, but he would be the Father, he cannot be the
 ' CREATOR, but he is the Preserver of his People: He dis-
 ' dains the Obedience of our Bodies, for that is servile and
 ' perishable; but he greatly aims at the Subjection of our
 ' immortal Part; He lays hold of our Will by his Benefi-
 ' cence, and of our Hearts by his Virtues: He builds not
 ' his Dominion upon Fear, which is a distracted and sliding
 ' Foundation; but he desires and deserves to be loved, for
 ' in Love alone is Unity and Power. The Service of such
 ' a Prince is perfect Liberty; and he leaves Freedom to
 ' his People, that he himself may govern like a GOD.

' Flatterers would tell you, that you are all this, and
 ' more; I say you are good and gracious, but that you
 ' still may be more Excellent.

' What We think of You, we will shew forth to the
 ' World; not by Adulation, but by Action; not by the
 ' Fluency of the Tongue, but by the Effusion of our Blood:
 ' It is a just Tribute from the Lovers of Freedom, for we
 ' know no Other Prince of Liberty upon Earth.

' Fear Ye to die, my valiant Brothers! It is a necessary
 ' Debt to Nature, and Nature makes nothing necessary
 ' that is to be feared. It is in Ourselves alone to make it
 ' dreadful or desireable; to make it desireable by a Life of
 ' Virtue, or dreadful indeed by a Death of Dishonour. The
 ' Coward dies daily, he is the miserable Victim of his own
 ' Apprehensions; the Valiant dies but once, and lives for
 ' ever unto Glory. But would Ye even be safe, still be va-
 ' liant, my Brothers, since Danger pursues the Wretch
 ' who flies from it, but flies itself from a Courage that dares
 ' the Encounter.

' Our Grandfathers died in the Defence of their Liber-
 ' ties;

ties; Our Fathers died also in the Enjoyment of those Blessings; their Fate is now equal, but not equal their Honour; the Memory of our Grandfathers is still fresh and flourishing, the Names of our Fathers already stale and forgotten. Would Ye then have lived like your Fathers, to die for ever? or have died with your Grandfathers, to live to Posterity? The Age does not always afford such Opportunities, and it is our Advantage, and our Glory to seize them as they pass. Life is short, Death is certain, Time is nothing, Action and Virtue are All, it is by these alone that Life can be measured, and his is the longest who falls for his Country.

But if there are Any here who fear to die, let them behold yon gathering Host; and thence let them learn that the only Mean they have left for saving Life, is—to slay the Enemy.

O my Friends, what a Cause is Ours! in which the Loss of Life is the Gain of Honour, and the very Fear of Death shall contribute to Victory: In which all Sects and Denominations, all Ranks and Distinctions, the Mean and the Mighty are equally interested.

Is any One a Coward let Self-preservation inspire him; Is he a Patriot, let him fight for his Country; is he Loyal, let him fight for his Queen; is he a Father, let him fight for his Family; has he Affections, let him fight for his Friends; is he pious, he has the Cause of GOD; is he valiant, he has the Cause of Glory.

But if Any are here who are rebellious to their Queen; if Any are here who are Traytors to their Country, if any are here who want Families and Affections, who are Enemies of GOD, Despisers of Glory, enamoured of Shame, and desirous of their own Destruction; let them now stand forth confessed, such Bees we dismiss from our Cause, for with such alone is our Quarrel.

Here paused the free-born Plebeian.

A confused Murmur ran through the Assembly; Each looked at his Fellow to discover the Symptoms of Treason, and many, unable to conceal their Guilt, retired with Shame to their Apartments.

Again the Plebeian addressed himself to speak, a dead Silence ensued, and he proceeded as follows.

End of the Fifth Letter.



T H E

FARMER'S Sixth L E T T E R to the
PROTESTANTS of IRELAND.

I Will give you, my Brethren, some Account of your Ancestors; I do not mean your Ancestors by Blood, but Virtue; not such as you are allied to by Generation, but Liberty: For as Liberty constitutes the Nature of Bees, they are no longer Bees but while they retain this great Principle; and should we at any Time happen to degenerate from the Liberty of our Forefathers, we shall be changed into another Sort of Creatures; and Posterity, Virtue, Glory will for ever disclaim our Descent from Bees.

In the Beginning of Time, Bees were scattered throughout the Earth, either single, or in small Families; for as All were then innocent, so All were safe: But Fraud and Force came soon into the World; and this taught them to unite against Violence, and to frame Laws against Vice.

By Degrees great Societies were formed, and great Cities were built; to whom Wisdom was necessary for Counsel, and Valour for Defence: But as All Bees were not equally wise, nor equally valiant; on superior Talents was conferred superior Authority, and every Degree of Power was built thereon.

Authority produced Pride in Superiors, and in Inferiors Dependance and Flattery; from whence an Excess of Power was arrogated on one Side, and servily yielded on the other.

Then it came to pass, for the first time, that Law was over-ruled by Authority, and yet further, was perverted to Oppression; last of all, Power impudently assumed the Seat of Justice, and the Will of the Prince became a Law to the People.

Thus Community was successively the Blessing, and the Curse of Individuals; and that very Power, which was intended

tended for the Preservation, became the Pest of the Public : Even Anarchy was preferable to such Government, and their former Solitude to such Society ; but it is enough to say that Liberty was lost, for that implies every possible Calamity.

Now observe the Degrees of Ascent to public Happiness—*Individual, Family, Society, Government, Law, Security, Perfection of Liberty*—Thus far is right, and here should be our Rest ; this is like the Sun rising from the first Dawn to his Meridian, it is the utmost Height and Climax of all possible Glory : But again observe the Descent, for as Government includes *Power*, thence may follow—*Dependance, Corruption, Usurpation, Tyranny, Slavery*,—And this is like the Light of the Sun declining from his Meridian, till at length he sets in utter Darkness.

Such was the Beginning and the End, the Rise and the Overthrow of every Establishment throughout the World ; for as the natural Liberty or private Virtue of so many Bees united, produced and perfected the civil Liberty or public Virtue of the whole Body or Society ; so the Destruction of civil Liberty or public Virtue, effected the Destruction of natural Liberty or private Virtue. Whole Nations became subject to Tyranny, and were therefore confirmed in Corruption ; they submitted to be Slaves, and were therefore degraded from the Dignity of their Creation. A wonderful Change ensued, they were no longer Bees, they had deprived themselves of their Prerogatives, and Heaven deprived them of their Nature. From their Degeneracy was formed that Infinity of noxious Insects, Reptiles and Vermin, that crawl throughout the World, and are offensive to the very Earth that they incumber ; alas, they once were Bees, but they deserve all the Wretchedness to which they are fated, for they survived the great Privilege to which they were born, they infamously chose to live when Liberty was no more.

However amidst this general Dissolution, some Individuals retained their Integrity, and a Remnant of the Freeborn was still preserved. These separated themselves from the Infection ; they passed over into *Greece*, and founded several rising States, the Chief of which were the Hives of *Athens* and of *Sparta*.

There it was that Liberty was planted like the Tree of Life in Paradise ; the Dews of Heaven came upon it, and the Earth offered all her Nourishment ; its Trunk was reared

reared in Strength and in Beauty, its Branches spread over the Land, its Root was deep in Virtue, on its Leaves were the Sciences written, the Nations were happy who dwelled under its Shade, and the Fruit of Glory dropped upon them.

While this People prospered under the Influence of Liberty, all Reptiles envied their Felicity, and were filled with Rage; they gathered themselves together by Thousands and by Millions, they encompassed this Region of Sweetness, and were determined to extirpate the whole Species of Bees.

Then was gloriously experienced the high Excellence of Liberty, who shewed forth her Descent from the ALMIGHTY; There stood the Armies of the Earth imbattled, and here stood a few collected in Virtue; there fought the World, but here fought Liberty; Victory suspended her Scales on high, and each Son of Freedom was weighed against a Thousand. Then stepped forth three hundred Bees of *Sparta*, and joined Battle with the Armies of the East, with ten hundred thousand in Number; the Sun left them engaged, he travelled round the World, and in his Return beheld the Continuance of their Combat; at length the *Spartans* prevailed, they delivered their Country, and then fell beneath a Weight of insupportable Glory.

And now had Bees but retained their primitive Temperance, had they not been exalted above Measure, our Ancestors of *Greece* might have continued to this Day.

But Conquest brought Honour, Honour begat Vanity, and from Vanity sprang Rivalship and Contention. Then did Bees for the first time oppose themselves to Bees, and Each struck at Heaven in the Image of his Brother; Liberty was divided against herself, she never had aught to fear but from the Arms of her Children, and this was the only Force by which she could be conquered. A royal *Wasp* of *Macedonia* watched the Crisis of her Weakness; he brought his Host upon her Sons when they were already self-defeated; his *Successor* collected the Remnant of those degenerate Bees, from them alone he derived the Immortality of his Name; and such was the latest Force and Energy of the Freeborn, that their Valour was not quite extinguished with their Virtue, and in expiring they conquered the World.

Now had all Nature perished with Liberty, original
Darkness

Darkness had returned, and Chaos again prevailed, had not Heaven miraculously interposed.

On the Banks of the *Tiber* gathered a few Reptiles who were the abandoned of *Italy*, and who, being viler than the Vile, were even the Outcast of their Fellows in Corruption. Among these it was that the Divine WISDOM chose to renew the Earth in Virtue, and to shew to the World that with Freedom alone there is Perfection, and without it, nothing of Excellence or Estimation in Nature; wherefore his Spirit came upon these Wretches, and he breathed into their Breast the living Soul of Liberty.

Instantly they were restored to their primitive Form, and from the most degenerate of Reptiles became the most excellent of all Bees. They began the Hive of *Rome*, they founded it in Temperance, and made Valour its impregnable Fence; unwearied Hardiment, stubborn Patience, feeling Hearts, polished Manners, the Scorn of enfeebling Pleasures, the Love of heroic Pains, a Contempt of Death, a Thirst of Glory, were the united Characteristics of these unparalleled Bees. As Currents tend to the Ocean, so rushed all the Passions of those Patriots to their Country; to confirm her Peace they endured all Labours, and to perpetuate her Being their Lives were devoted. They filled their City with the Treasures of the Earth, they stretched it wide in Virtue, in Glory it ascended to Heaven, and the Memorial of its Sweetness will remain for ever.

Thus did they finish the mighty Hive of *Rome*, through the Toil of Millions, and the Perseverance of Ages; till the Virtues of Liberty could rise no higher, and nothing further was left for Posterity to accomplish.

Then came Ease, and then followed Indolence, a Relaxation of Exercise, a Feebleness of Body, a Dissolution of Morals; the Souls of Bees were sunk into their Senses, the Poison of Luxury infected each Member, it reached the Seat of Life, the whole Constitution felt a gradual Decay, and was rendered a Prey to the first Invader.

While thus the vital Flame of Liberty was extinguished at *Rome*, a Spark thereof fell among the *Gothic* Insects, and kindled up the Regions of the North: And this also was ordained of Heaven, to demonstrate to the World, that Honey is neither made by the Influence of the Sun, nor the Temperament of the Seasons, by the Fragrance of the
Flowers,

Flowers, nor the Fertility of the Soil. It is Liberty, my Friends, it is Liberty alone that sublimates this divine Nectar, this Food of the Freeborn; that confers all its Sweetness, and makes the Labour thereof delightful.

Scarce were these Sons of the North warmed by this prolific Principle, they were yet rude in Form, and new to the Virtues of Liberty, when they began to swarm in their frozen Mansions. The first of their Efforts was exerted in Valour, they issued in various Colonies, they overthrew the antient Hive of the degenerate *Romans*, and swept all the Reptiles of the Earth before them. They then began to settle in different Climates, but the Selected of Heaven flew over into *Britain*, where through a thousand Difficulties, through a thousand Dangers; Diseases, Recoveries, Lapses, Revolutions; the Ambitions of Princes, the Struggles of Patriots; the Toils of the Wise, and the Blood of the Valiant; we are what our Ancestors have left us at this Day, the only remaining Heirs of Liberty upon Earth.

O my Friends, did we consider what it is to be free; did we understand the Value of our Privileges, did we but know what belongs to our Peace, the World could not bribe a single Bee to forego his Liberty; for what would be the World to a Bee without Liberty? even like a Banquet in the Grave, like the Delights of Life to a Creature already dead to all Enjoyment: I will then endeavour to shew you what Liberty is; but it is Virtue, it is Heaven alone that can give you a true Sense, and Feeling of its Blessings.

Your Politicians, and the Learned among you, make a wide Difference between natural and civil Liberty; they seem to look on the latter as something rather formal than real, an Advantage arising merely from Policy, and not from the Nature of Things: But I think more simply, and hold that Liberty, whether natural or civil, is ever and necessarily the same; that civil Liberty is no other than natural Liberty extended; that civil Liberty is the same to Society, that natural Liberty is to a single Bee; that it is equally incumbent on both to retain it; and that, in either Case, the same Virtue and Happiness consists in the Preservation, and the same Guilt and Misery in the Surrender of this divine Privilege.

We all know that we are born Free, and that Liberty, whether accompanying the Will, the Understanding, or any

any other of the Faculties, does really exist in every Bee: We also know, that it is the great Attribute of the DEITY himself, and that it is by this glorious Principle alone, that any of his Creatures can either resemble or please him. Well may the God of Reason delight in the Freedom of his Creatures, since Liberty is the Power of acting agreeable to that Reason, and Virtue is the Love and Exercise thereof.

Natural Liberty consists in the Privelege of acting agreeable to our own Reason; and civil Liberty, to our own Laws: The Perfection of natural Liberty is good Conduct; of civil Liberty, good Government: The first is private, the second public Virtue: Every Degree of Vice is an Encroachment on natural Liberty; of arbitrary Power, on civil: The former is destructive of private Reason; the latter, of public: It is Wickedness in a private Bee to submit to the first; it is Wickedness in a Society to submit to the second.

Now, to shew you that Liberty is as natural to a Society, as to a single Bee; I will suppose a single Bee to resemble a Society; I will suppose his Desire, to be the Monarch; his Senses, the Ministers; his Faculties and Members, the Subjects; his Reason, the Laws; and his Liberty, the Exercise thereof.

But should this Monarch, at the Instigation of those Ministers, or by the servile Compliance of those Members, once come to exalt himself above these Laws; he is no longer the Monarch called Desire, but an impetuous Tyrant called Lust: Anarchy and Misery are his inseparable Attendants; within is Passion and Tumult, and from abroad come Diseases and Weakness; the Laws are abolished, the Powers of Liberty enslaved, the whole Body hastens to its Dissolution, and the Members are made Instruments of their own Perdition.

Thus Liberty is as natural and necessary to a Society, as to a single Bee; and the supposed Difference lies merely in the Application of it to the One, or the Many. It is derived from GOD alone, it is eternal, it is unchangeable; Guilt is nothing else but a Deviation from its Laws, and the Surrender of this divine Privelege is the Height of all Rebellion to Heaven, and to Happiness.

Civil Liberty cannot subsist without natural Liberty, because

cause a free Society cannot be composed of Brutes, or such as have degenerated from Freedom; but natural Liberty may possibly subsist, when civil Liberty is no more, as a Few may retain Health amidst a general Plague, or single Trees out-live the Storm that has wasted the Forest: But who would chuse to dwell with such Contagion, or to weather the Assaults of so ruinous a Tempest? When civil Liberty is lost, then adieu to Society! I will fly to the Wilds, I will fly to the Deserts, to the utmost Bounds of the Earth, where Bee never set Foot; I will rather herd with Wolves, and associate with Serpents; for no Cruelty can be compared to the Virulence of Slaves, nor Brutality to the Barbarism of Bees who have once proved Apostates to Liberty.

Stir then, my valiant Brothers! single yourselves out, and sever the Free from this infected Assembly. Fear not that your present Queen designs aught against your Liberties; it is her own Safety, her own Interest, her own Glory, to preserve them. She knows her exalted Privilege in reigning over a free People, and our Liberty is the only Foundation whereon her royal House either derives or desires any Right to Dominion.

Already has your Queen ventured her Life for your Honour, and now she is the foremost to expose it for your Privileges. With her come the inseparable Companions of Liberty, clear Truth, upright Honour, firm Fortitude, armed Property, obvious Justice, merry Industry, bounteous Credit, friendly Confidence, social Trade, smiling Plenty, gentle Peace, kind Charity, a shining Range of Sciences, a Croud of chearful Arts, on whom the Heavens shed their happiest Influence, to whom the Earth offers all her Odours; these are the Associates of your Queen, and now behold the Associates of her Adversary.

Lo, where Tyranny approacheth, seated upon Stings, in his Visage Dismay and Cruelty, black Thunders muttering over his Head, and Curses blasting his Quiet. Deceit and Perfidy are the Learned of his Council, and his Ministers are Rapine and Violence; on his right are Superstition and Ignorance, on his Left Persecution and Oppression; Famine and Disease are his Messengers to the People, around him the Furies rejoice, and the Vices croud his Retinue.

To

To such Companions, depart, ye Accursed! To your Queen adhere, ye Blessed of Liberty!

O my Friends, what a Theme is Liberty! it is a Subject that would flow with the Streams, and revolve with the Seasons for ever; the Ear would listen untired, and the Tongue be renewed in relating: But Time urges, and Action is instant to cut Expression short. Then lift your Imaginations to Glories undiscovered, to the Beauties of Liberty not yet unveiled; be it enough that Liberty includes all that is estimable, what no Power shall take from us, and no Prince ever invade; it is ingrafted in our Nature, it is confirmed by our Constitution, it is the Source of all Happiness, it is the Blessing of our Existence, it is dearer than our Life, and till Death we will retain it.

Then let the Racks ride, and the Tempest come apace, we will stand the utmost of its Fury. The Eyes of the World are upon us, all Bees throughout the Earth are now anxious for our Fate, and expect their own Safety from our Valour alone. Look back to your Ancestors, look round to your Families, look onward to your Posterity, we will be entombed with Liberty, or we will live to Glory; die we may, but we will not be defeated.



End of the Sixth Letter.

